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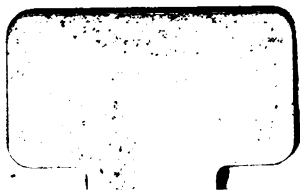
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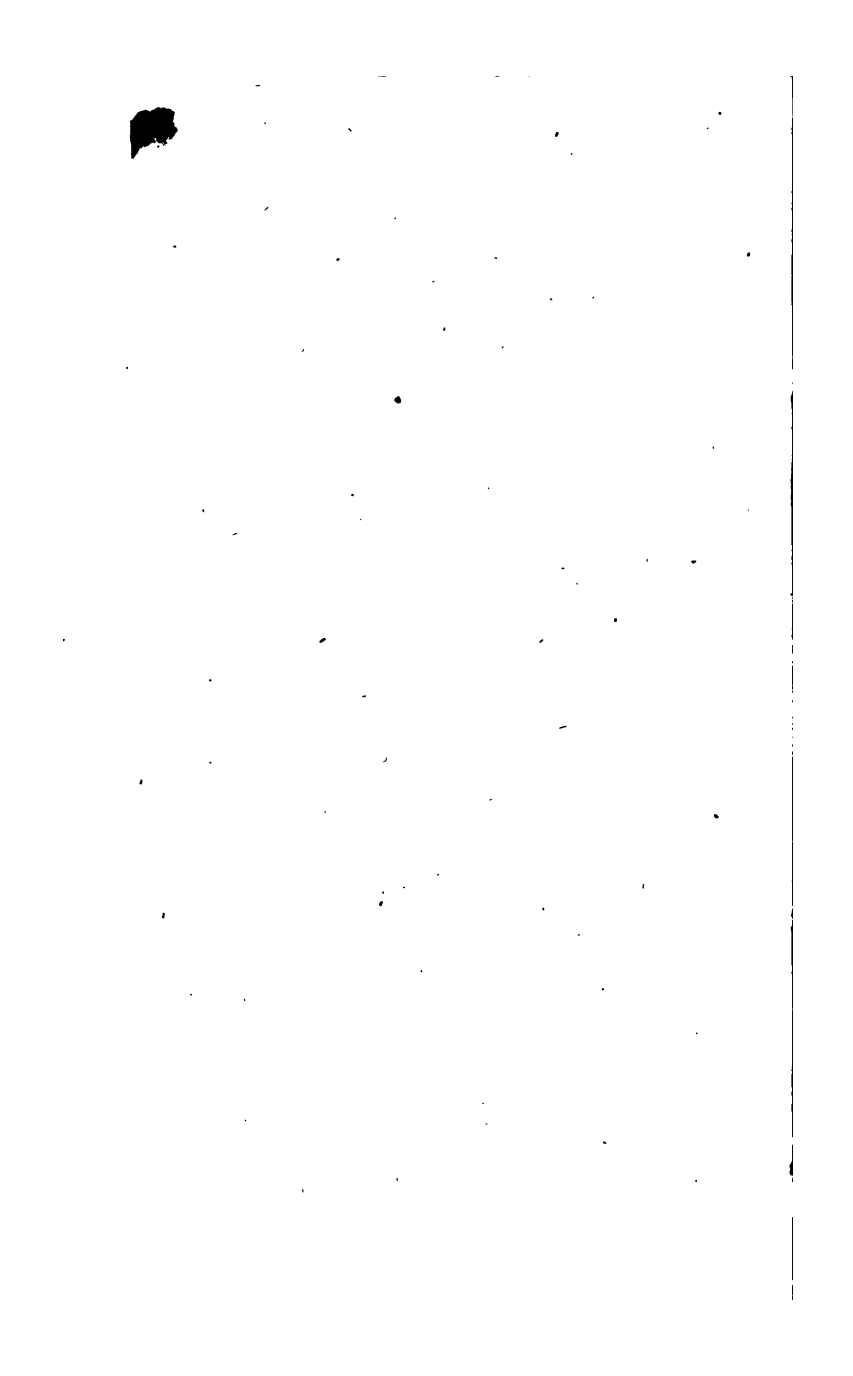


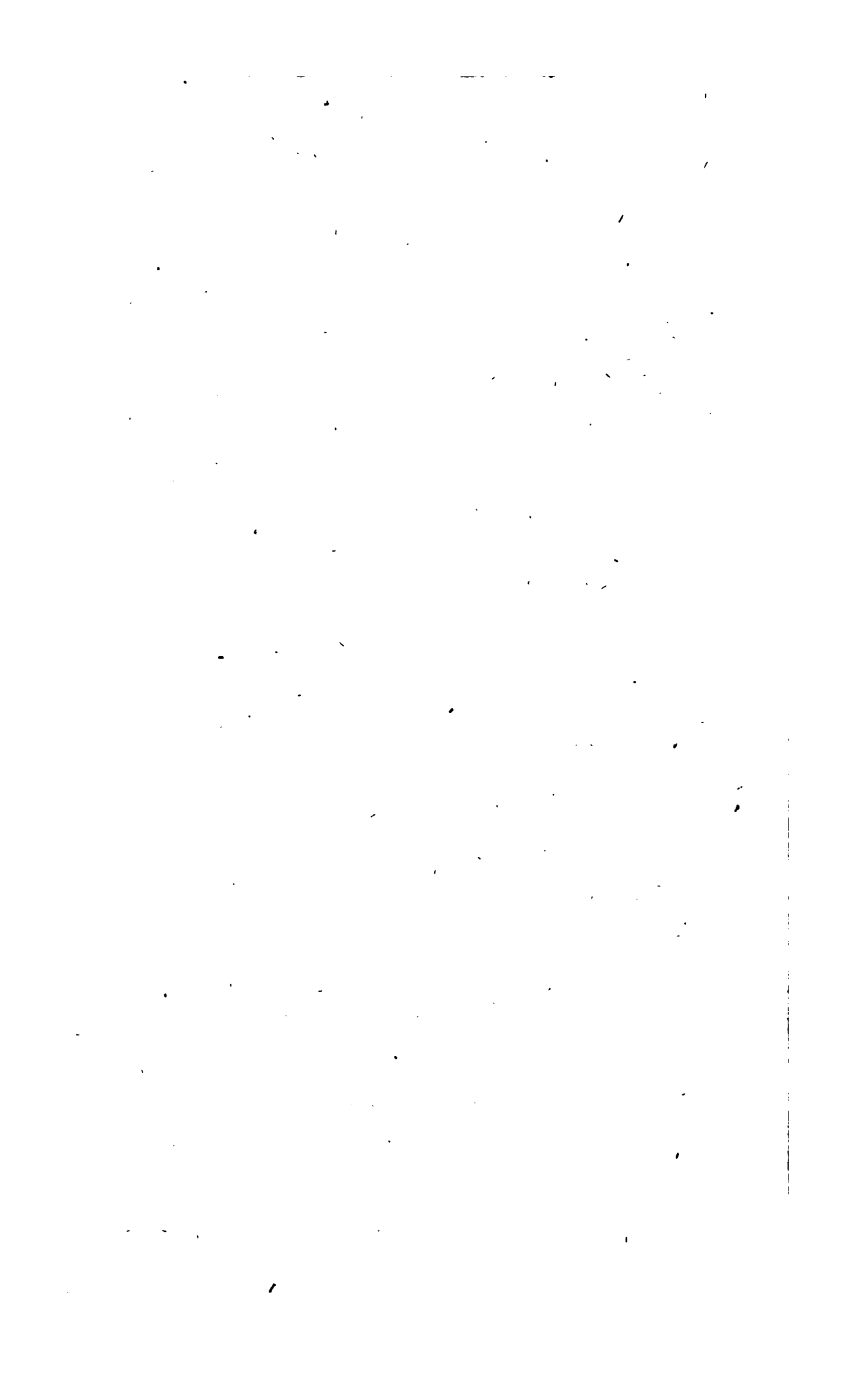
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OBADIAH'S ADDRESS.



OBADIAH'S ADDRESS.

LONDON:
Itotrou and Palmer, Printers, Savoy Street, Strand.

L.S. 1820. 186

OBADIAH'S ADDRESS

FROM IRELAND,

TO THE

WORSHIPFUL AND ALL POTENT PEOPLE

OF

ALMACKS.



"Ye seem to be brought up to nothing but an idle kind
of vanity—both in apparel and discourse."

OBADIAH.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1827.

68.



ADDRESS,

&c.

“Hold you content: I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple.”

SHOULD any person say, Why didst thou write Obadiah?—to him I also ask a question, Why do so many write? It may be answered, “for various purposes;” and as I am not inclined to mystery respecting my subject, I will explain why I have followed the example of the many; at the same time acknowledge that I am one of the least in the number of authors.

Having business one day with a person for whom I was obliged to wait a considerable time, I amused myself as follows.

On the table there rested a book ; it was open, and I commenced perusing what I could not comprehend. The subject was headed, " Review of New Books,"—" Almacks, a Novel." Almacks, quoth I, What can that mean? The printer must have made a mistake, it should be Almanacks, no doubt ; but on reading down the column, I found it had nothing to do with the weather, the tides, the sun, moon, or stars ; but a number of females, distinguished, as the writer says, by their despotism ; for which, I suppose, they have given themselves this foreign title—Almacks.

The author also says : " The parties are not excessively sensitive, for a large portion of their time being spent in backbiting and scandalizing each other, they become tolerably callous to the voice of censure, and even rejoice at notoriety which is procured by the most absurd behaviour."

I was not a little puzzled at this, and asked the person to whom the book belonged to lend it to me.

Well, thought I, as I read the subject

over again, this is very strange, and quite unnatural, that women should act in such a manner; despotism should never appear in their actions; woman is, or should be, too gentle for such a principle. However, as I find the contrary, and that a species of unpardonable tyranny is exerted against their own sex particularly, because they chance not to rank high in fashion—therefore, in defence of the discarded or rejected, I write the following.

The spirit urges me to say much, and it whispers to me, Son of man, whether these tyrants will hear, or whether they will forbear, thou shalt speak to them, for they are a haughty people; and be thou not afraid of them, neither fear their words; though briars and thorns be with thee, and though thou mayest be beset with scorpions, be not dismayed, neither fear their threats.

In the first place, my opinion is this, and I trust that every man in his Majesty's dominions will agree with me, that the British women are not excelled by any others in any nation; that they may be compared to a

beautiful ornament, which while it pleases the eye, also possesses the qualities of being useful and valuable.

I grant ye, there are different stages in life, and a sensible woman will never covet a sphere which is beyond her reach; but should fortunate circumstances, with education, combine to exalt an amiable woman into the circles of the great, is she to be cast out, because her first breath was not drawn in the halls of luxury?—or on account of her father's praise-worthy exertions, who employed his time in some honest profession, rather than live a life of idleness and poverty?—or through the affection of some wealthy individual who chose to please himself rather than the world? Again I repeat, is such a being to be cast down, to be, as it were, trampled on by these despotic tyrants? If so, the name of Englishman deserves to be effaced from the annals of gallantry.

What would England be without her merchants and men of business? And are these, the glory of their country, to submit, and behold their wives and daughters treated

with contempt, because industry is attached to their wealth? And by whom are they thus considered? By the king? No!—the whole nation may exclaim at once—for rarely have we heard of such a monarch; by him the poor man's petition is equally regarded with the rich. Who then are these mighty folks? A few proud women, and a species of men called dandies.

Far be it from me to desire an equality in the ranks of life. I am no leveller of systems, yet I would do all in my power to bring down or annoy the spirit of pride, and discourage oppression in every shape. Women have no right to assert the laws of despotism; and when they do, with fools to aid them, they must expect a bitter reward.

As I sat musing over the subject, my imagination became exceedingly animated, and I seemed actually to be conducted into a large room, or, if you like, the hall of judgment, where I beheld seated around me, a number of women, very busy reading, folding and unfolding letters, talking to each other

too rapidly to be understood, and preparing for general business.

In due time, a candidate is permitted to approach, and I amused myself by supposing Susanna Hanton to ask the following questions :—

SUSANNA.—You are no doubt aware how very particular we are that the air of this room shall never be tainted by the breath of a plebeian ?

CANDIDATE.—I am.

SUSANNA.—Have you been informed that we do all in our power to prevent men from marrying beneath their rank ?

CANDIDATE.—I have.

SUSANNA.—Do you attend the service of the church on Sundays ?

CANDIDATE.—Sometimes.

SUSANNA.—Have you heard that we consider it exceedingly vulgar to go there before the prayers are nearly over ?

CANDIDATE.—I have heard so.

SUSANNA.—You will of course attend to this rule ?

CANDIDATE.—Most certainly.

SUSANNA.—Have you any objection to cards on a Sunday?

CANDIDATE.—None whatever.

SUSANNA.—I beg pardon, but it is necessary to ask the question, have you any relatives that are in any way attached to business or a profession?

CANDIDATE.—N-o-n-e that I know of.

SUSANNA.—Are you aware that neither merit, wealth, or education can procure the individual a ticket?

CANDIDATE.—Yes I am.

SUSANNA.—Can you consent to discard a dear friend if you find she has the least connexion with the mercantile or business world?

CANDIDATE.—Certainly.

Susanna, looking round upon the members with a look, as if to say there appears no objection, then proceeded:—

“We have found it necessary to adopt many rules, to prevent as far as possible the intrusion of the aspiring classes from entering the line of rank. I will mention a few.

“ We never inquire about the character of those whose right by fashion commands a ticket ; as we consider what the common people call virtue, merely a spectre to keep the vulgar in order.

“ We never suffer religion to enter our sphere. For the sake of our property, we subscribe to the national schools, as it is necessary the poor people should be under some controul ; and as the Scriptures have been considered the best thing to alarm them, it is well to encourage their reading, although we are not obliged to believe them ourselves.

“ We never descend to the multitude but on one occasion, and that is at the general elections ; then you may be as familiar as you please with the crowd, even to a beggar, because giving of money has a great effect upon this sort of people ; but the instant the votes are decided, know the voters no longer.”

My imagination became so wearied in the worthy assembly room, I left it without any desire to return. From thee, Susanna

Hauton, my spirit turneth away, as from one it abhorreth. Thou savourest of evil, and be assured, however thou wouldest condescend at the time of the general election, thou shouldest have no vote of mine. This reminds me of one who wished to obtain a seat in the great house; his first step was a visit to the priesthood; the next, immense placards, on which were printed, in large letters, "A Friend to Catholic Emancipation." An acquaintance met him—"How is this?" said he, "Why," said the would-be member, "we must never hesitate when we wish to gain a point; and as to my voice in the House, you know it will never be heard. Besides, my opponent is considered an enemy to the cause, though I believe him to be a better friend than myself; but appearances are every thing."

Truly, appearances may do much; but what is the end of such?

Susanna, thou art spoken of as being a general ruler at this assembly—this Almacks. Thou dost laugh with one, flatter another, bully a third, scold a fourth, and talk to all

as it suits thee, either to rule or deceive them. If I appeared before thee, which wouldest thou favour me with? Most likely what is said thou givest to the third.

Thou seemest to me to be an extraordinary impudent woman, and I think it would be quite as well if thou didst not trouble the church on Sundays; but how much better it would be if thou wouldest renounce the cards altogether, for thou art, I fear, hastening thyself to destruction.

Thy husband, I should suppose, is either a very helpless man, or a gambler; for thou speakest of thy boys as if thou hadst the management of them. "My boys are quite young. I do not feel it necessary to sacrifice the pleasures of the present day for the sake of the future; it would be too absurd; they may have no turn for gambling, or if they have, I may not live to see it."

This from a mother.—Woman! Woman! my spirit shudders at the word futurity from thy lips, for in the future world what wilt thou do? Gold may purchase much here; but as thy heart ceases to beat, the influence

of wealth ceases also. Farewell Susanna, thou and I perchance may meet; for one hath said of thee, that thou darest to do or say any thing to any body; therefore my mortal habitation may be assailed by thee, and thou mayest place a scorpion in my path; but I fear thee not.

Dame LOCHABER, a word to thee. They call thee old; wherefore then art thou among those whose path is not calculated for thy aged feet? Thou hast hitherto escaped the tomb, whilst thousands have fell beside thee; nevertheless, it cannot be expected that thy lamp will continue to burn much longer; better then for thee to attend to its waning, instead of dancing away its feeble light at Almacks. Let thy household respect thy age, and not find occasion to deride thy folly. Thou remindest me of an old woman whom, I heard say, a great personage in his youthful days, did amuse himself by recommending her to wear apparel which was only suited for the young; and she was simple enough so to do, which did cause

much merriment to himself and his companions : also the same vain person did throw a buttered roll in the face of a milliner, because she said that a cap which the old woman wanted, was intended for a very young person. Now thou seemest to me to be much such another with regard to the attempt at being youthful ; for I consider an elderly person dancing, as one of the most ridiculous appearances which the human body could exhibit. Thou didst deserve the mortification of being turned out. Other scenes demanded thy attention ; for at thy age what pleasure could being an Almackite afford thee ? None I am sure. Thy day of vanity hath been a long one ; thou best knowest whether it has been a happy one.

For the sake of a little variety, I will relate unto thee a dream which appeared before me last night.—Methought that I was in a very wide street ; and at the corner of a narrow court there stood a crowd of persons, evidently waiting for some object. I also remained with them, and soon found the cause, by seeing a most extraordinary

equipage approaching : the horses were remarkably beautiful, their bodies were spotted like unto that of a leopard ; and the grandeur of their movements, as they slowly passed along, exceeded any thing I ever saw. In the vehicle was a female, whose haughty look and proud demeanour seemed to say, "I am the owner of these wonderful creatures." I regarded her with a feeling of pity instead of envy ; for as it seemed, unknown to herself, there was suspended just above her head a sword. I felt a desire to warn her of the danger which the least movement might encounter ; but the defying expression of her haughty countenance forbade me, and I turned to pass through the court with a feeling of horror at her situation. As my thoughts were thus engaged, I heard a groan, which proceeded from an apartment, the door of which was open, and I entered. The first object that met my view was a female, whose grief appeared inconsolable. "What is the matter?" said I. "My poor child!" was the answer ; and looking towards the place to which her eyes directed me, I

saw upon the floor the almost lifeless body of a young girl, with scarcely any covering over her. The weeping mother seemed to understand the question I would ask, and said, "I have done all that I could do to save my child; and this, the doctor told me, was the last resource." "A hard one, indeed," said I, "but it is one I would not adopt." The invalid looked at me with an imploring look, as if to say, Nothing will restore me, have pity on my mother! And then I saw just above her head a sword suspended; but so near, it seemed to touch her. The horror which disturbed my spirit at the sight before me, broke the power of sleep, and I awoke.

Be it known to thee, Dame LOCHABER, I put no trust in dreams; yet the subject followed me so closely, even to my writing desk; I thought the spirit urged it to be told unto thee. An invisible sword may be suspended over thy head, which in a moment might discover to thee scenes beyond the power of thy connexions, thy wealth, or thy title to rescue thee from. Be watchful, recollect thyself; there is an unfashionable

practice which it would be well for thee to adopt, its name is Prayer. Do not be shocked at such a sound, there is nothing vulgar in the appearance of the word ; it is a little obsolete, I grant thee, but if thou wert acquainted with its quality, thou wouldest esteem it more highly than all the words which fashion can produce. I wish thee well ; remember thy journey is almost finished ; remember also, that all mankind, of what dignity or qualifications soever, must give an account before the awful tribunal of the offended Majesty of Heaven. There, what will a life of vanity avail ?—Alas ! it is a melancholy reflection.

ELIZABETH STAVORDALE, to find thee among the backbiting party is astonishing ! Quite as astonishing as to find a sectarian lawyer in a gambling house on a Sunday. The great city certainly at the present time is overflowing with uncommon events. Susanna Haulton says thou hast an hundred children ; if so, the nursery should be thy dwelling-place, as the eye of a mother is

far preferable to the service of nurses, let them be ever so clever. Perhaps thou art anxious to imitate thy foreign neighbours, whose attention to their children and their husbands is much the same; but, Elizabeth, if such is thy plan, discard it; the old-fashioned English manner is the most comfortable; but alas! there seems no absurdity too great for the rulers of Almacks. I was inclined to have a good opinion of thee; but there is a little speech of thine which I dislike—"If money was once to get people into Almacks, there would be an end directly of continuing good company." Good company, Elizabeth! I do not understand what thou meanest. Is your good company such as yourselves describe the man Killarney to be, or Wentworth, Thetworth, and many others? also the man, who by seducing his tenants' daughters, have sent several parents with broken hearts to the grave, and accumulated misery incalculable among families? Is it such men as these which ye call good company? or is it the woman who, after having plighted her troth to a husband, and borne him chil-

dren, deserted them in their infancy for another?—or married women so careless of their reputations, that their servants cease to respect them? also the man who by his profligacy was the death of one wife, but took unto himself a second, who proved to follow his own example; and then he was so shocked, that she was returned to her family? Are such as these, Elizabeth, what thou callest good company? and are these the individuals who pride themselves in their rank and fashion? If so, I am heartily glad to be far away from ye.

Thou also speakest with much disdain about mercantile influence, and the town of Birmingham; is this well, thinkest thou? Didst thou never hear, that this said mercantile speculation was one of the glories of England?—And let me tell thee, that in the town which thou speakest so deridingly of, there are thousands whose industry and good conduct will, and do benefit their country, more than a whole generation of such good company as ye speak of. Thy numerous family, I fear, will never rise up and call thee blessed; nor thy husband honour and respect thee.

It has been said, that this company of Almacks did much abuse the personages of Northumberland, (I hope thou didst not do so,) because they would not submit to your rules; if they did, many would be surprised at their so doing. I could recount to thee several little circumstances which the kindness of that excellent woman has shown to the unfortunate, and which will live in the recollection of a generation, when Almacks will be forgotten; but I know, that it would be doing what she dislikes: some relieve the wretched for the praise of men, and sound forth the trumpet of their charity in the newspapers, but it is not so with these above mentioned; therefore, Elizabeth, if thou hast spoken against them, be honourable, confess thy fault, for they are worthy of much honour and much praise. Perhaps I have said too much to thee; I shall say no more, excepting that I pity thy family.

MARTHA PLINLIMMON, I cannot pass thee over without a word.

They represent thee as a courtly dame:

does that mean courtier-like? Why I ask thee this question is, because when I was a child, I used to hear people say, whenever they spoke of a smooth-tongued, hypocritical, fawning person, he or she is so courtier-like. Courtier-like, thought I, what can that mean? As I grew older, I ventured to enquire respecting the words, and was informed, that those who live in the courts of kings are so little to be relied on, and so accustomed to insincerity and flattery, that it was a proverb to say courtier-like, when persons were suspected of practising such a line of conduct; therefore, from childhood I have had an abhorrence to the words courtier-like.

Thy dear friends have said, that thou art to be managed by flattery. For shame, Martha, it denotes that thou art a woman of little sense; but I am sorry there are so many like thee. Flattery is a wholesale and retail language now-a-days; it is the system which degrades the present race of men, and destroys the innocence of women.

It is likewise said of thee, that thou delightest in every thing foreign, to the neglect

of thy own people and thy country—this is not well. If the working classes are encouraged by the rich ones of the earth, they will flourish, and the kingdom be at peace ; but if they are neglected, and their labour despised because it has no claim to a foreign title, what are they to do, and what is to become of them ? The industrious community would rather be employed, than receive the pittance of your subscriptions—which I cannot call charity, so long as you encourage, by every possible means, the manufactures of the foreigner, whilst your own people are pining in misery and want. The cries of these unhappy beings will be heard, and they will return to the earth again for your discomfort and shame. You may say, what impudence !—but I again repeat, the cry of sorrow reacheth higher than your thoughts do, and the evil of discouragement to an industrious people will breed a calamity which now you little dream of.

To all those who enwrap their bodies in the foreign silk would I, if possible, relate the following circumstance, which many can prove as being authentic.

A silk weaver had maintained his wife and family with respectability and comfort; they were clothed well, their furniture was decent, and the man free from debt. They lived thus for many years; but the year 1825 overstocked the markets with foreign silks; and the employers ceased their regular orders. For some months, through former frugality, the family in question buffeted against the storm, but every week increased the evil. The hero of my tale was known to be a very honest man, therefore credit was given him, and debts were incurred through the hope of trade reviving; but alas! the hope was vain; and fashion triumphed over the downfall of thousands. As misery appeared, their little property disappeared, which some of the creditors hearing of, the law was engaged to crush with its iron grasp the broken spirit of the wretched father. The man of business lost no time in executing the orders which he had received, and two men were dispatched to lay claim to the property. On entering the house, they found its master was not there; the furniture also was gone excepting

one chair, an old table, and a stool; neither beds or bedding, but for the substitute, dirty straw and ragged coverlets. On one of these resting-places was laid a boy, but his spirit had left the residence of woe for a better world: near to him were two other children in a fever, and the wretched parent—but I will not attempt to describe her sorrow, the hearts of mothers best can do that. The men, though accustomed to scenes of misery, were not proof against this; they left the house, and made the case known to some individuals, who exerted themselves, and raised a sum of money which released the debt, buried the boy, restored the children to health, and the father to his family. But how is he to remain there, if the labour of his hands is despised? Think of these things; there is no fiction in the detail, when I say, there are thousands of wretched beings actually starving, through the empire of fashion, and toleration of foreign goods. In some cases there is a fair exchange, but in this, the misery of the many proves that there is not.

Martha, I have said more to thee than I intended, but one thought produced another, and the misery of my fellow beings arose so formidable, that I suspect I have wearied thee; however, I will do so no more unless thou seekest me, and then the theme will be the same whether thou likest it or not, for I will still continue to say—No proud Almacks, nor foreign silks!

RACHEL WALSTEIN, thou seemest delighted with thine office, but I would warn thee against the exultation of rivalling an old woman.

That thou shouldest like what is foreign is but reasonable, as thy husband bears that distinction; but that thou shouldest endeavour to outdo all others in vanity and show, is extraordinary, because it must create much vexation of spirit. It is said thou hast children; how then couldest thou lack employment so much as to require the office of patroness to despotic caprice? If mothers thus engage themselves, what can we expect will be the state of the future generation? Ye may say

with Susanna Hauton, "that it would be too absurd to sacrifice the pleasures of the present day for the sake of the future," as we know that we shall not live to see it. Truly so, but it would be well not to serve the arch deceiver of mankind so faithfully; the paths of pleasure may be decked with every thing to allure the senses and disguise the malignant power which creates them, "until all is accomplished; then the unextinguishable fire preys upon the heart," and these misled beings too late discover, that the gates of mercy and the hope of happiness are closed for ever.

Rachel, thou art young; I would advise thee to recall to thy recollection the instruction which thy mother must have given thee, for they speak well of her, and therefore she could not have suffered thy childhood to pass away without impressing upon thy mind the feeling of a Supreme Being.

As I think of thee, my spirit is troubled; and in spite of myself a sigh escapes. Thy mother, I find, is no more in this world; where is she, thinkest thou?—or, is the subject too unfashionable to be considered?

I feel inclined to question thee, though thou wilt most likely condemn them, and give me no answer.

In the first place, dost thou believe the nature of this great globe to be governed by chance? Dost thou think that human beings are created only for this life?

Dost thou think there is an existence for the spirit after it ceases to animate the body?

Dost thou believe there is a God, a judgment to come, and an eternity of happiness or indescribable misery?

This train of thought led me to thy splendid mansion, and in my imagination, according to my view of things, I saw thee in thy finely-ornamented room, surrounded by thy dear, delightful, visiting friends—each one attended by an invisible spirit; start not, wiser heads than mine believe the same. Of what nature, thinkest thou, are these invisible beings? The course of your conversations are vain, full of envyings, polite malice under the mask of satire, folly of every description, and scandal, from the royal palace down to

the meanest subject. Such being the case, I will not venture my own opinion, but tell thee what one of the ancients said respecting the matter. "The tongue defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire by the agency of hell." This showeth plainly who are your invisible monitors. But ye have said in your hearts to the good spirits—We will have nothing to do with you.

In this vision which my imagination represented, I saw thee and thy companions, as Milton says, "the last, best work of the Creator;"—I saw you adorned with every grace which beauty can bestow; created in this life to become angels hereafter, but alas! you have allied yourselves to the prince of this world, whose glory is your destruction. Also, I seem to discern the spirit of thy departed mother, watching over thee, and endeavouring to detain thy guardian angel, whom pleasure has, by thy consent, driven away. Rachel, my vision is at an end, but thy day of confusion will come; beware of the three baskets! they will do thee much harm; I

also have three, but they differ greatly from thine. It is said, the largest of thine is to hold all the notes of application from the vain aspirants of fashion ; the largest of mine is a receiver of rubbish from the vegetable garden : thy second, for rejected applicants ; my second, for greens, herbs, &c. : thy third, for those to be admitted ; my third, for fruit or flowers : on all thine, " Almacks," on each of mine, " Obadiah."

Now, from my baskets I have little to fear, sometimes a worm, a snail, or a caterpillar ; but rarely any thing worse than these.

Thou canst not say the same, for in thy first is deposited a poison, which affects every individual whose application is there deposited ; a poison of so subtle a nature, which entwines about the heart so closely, that neither time nor medicine can destroy it ; death only can heal the wound, therefore, the contents of thy first are destructive, whilst that of mine improves the soil.

Thy second is even worse than the first, and its contents food for the poison to act upon with increased violence. From this basket

arises revenge, envy, malice, fury, pride, and all its disappointed followers; therefore Rachel, think of the danger thou art in, from such a host of evil passions. How different is the produce of my second—its effects are salutary to the system, and proves of benefit instead of misery to those who partake; there is no fear of lurking evil, or a dread of hostile foes; then which thinkest thou is the most desirable?

The third is a basket of triumph; the hopes of the vain-glorious realized, the tickets obtained, and Almacks is the desired glory; from this there also arises much evil, though contrary to the first. Pride, with her ambitious train; vanity, with her satellites; flattery and indiscretion, folly and ridicule, luxury and disease—all these belong to the last, and though different in their nature, yet may prove as dangerous to thee as the first.

The contents of my third, are hopes realized also, but with them there is no fear of the above-mentioned train arising to annoy their owner; on which account I give the pre-

ference to my own instead of thine ; and for the name " Almacks," it causes much disaffection and enmity in the world ; whilst " Obadiah," remains in peace, unsought and unknown.

Before I leave thee, Rachel, I cannot resist hoping, that thou wilt forsake this society : thou seemest much elated at thy attractions having created admiration in the palaces of kings. Alas ! why art thou so weak ? What would the lovely bride of Worcester tell thee, if she durst appear ?—She shone for a while, a brilliant star ; she was also the picture of innocence, and of all that was lovely ; she joined in the same assemblies, in the same palace did she excite admiration, before the same princes bent her beautiful form, and received the smile of universal homage. She was beloved for many virtues, and her mother saw the anxious hopes of years receive their just applause in the virtuous conduct of her child. But an invisible hand demanded her ; and neither wealth, beauty, rank, nor physicians could counteract the order : and she left

your gay scenes for others which we know not of; and the beautiful symmetry of her form was laid low in the cold vault of her ancestors. Could she return among ye, what think ye would be her advice?—Prepare to meet your God! Rachel, put not thy trust in smiles, nor confidently suppose that thy life is more certain than the being I have mentioned; and when the sound of adulation meets thine ear, and thy beauty becomes a subject of delight, think upon her, whose countenance was as lovely as thy own, but what is it now? That thou shouldest be delighted at the approbation of thy sovereign is natural, I, even I would gain it if possible; and though I would not move the length of my shoe to seek a place or a favour in the circle of a palace, yet I would exert every power of my mind and body to serve his cause.

Rachel, I now leave thee.

DINAH ROCHEFORT, what shall I say to thee? Thy companion says that thou art a

strange little being, full of airs and graces, and that thou doest more ill-natured things than any of the society, and will go out of thy way on purpose to be rude,

Thy marriage, it seems, proveth to be a miserable one; thy husband is careless of thy affection, which, I am told is a fashionable feeling; and thou art careless about thy reputation, which, I hear, is not uncommon in thy rank of life.

What said your favourite bard, respecting this virtue?—

“ The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.”

In this journal of the Belles Lettres, there is a little piece of poetry, which I would recommend to thy study; it is written by an American, and the allegory not unlike thy inconstant spouse.

The butterfly ranges to every flower excepting the one that wishes his company; but, mark well the conclusion: the neglected flower seeks not the society of others, but re-

tires from the fluttering tribe, and thus addresses the faithless rover :

And when the summer's almost gone,
And all its madd'ning joys are flown,
And past its genial warmth ; the blast
Around thy wings begin to moan—
Then perchance, amid the garden's gloom,
Thou 'lt see me pensive, but unchanged.
Return, thou shalt not see me weep ;
The friend remains, though love is fled.

By so doing, Dinah, thy reputation would remain untarnished, and instead of the world looking upon thee as a neglected and dissipated wife, thou wouldest, in the true sense of the word, be a bright example for the imitation of many.

In this generation, and particularly in thy sphere, marriage is a contract of interest and not of love ; and even if it should partake of the latter in the beginning, inconstancy is such a regular companion, it soon destroys its influence.

Didst thou never hear of him, who in his youth loved a maiden as man scarcely ever

loved, but he was poor, and could not marry. However, "to make the crown a pound," he went abroad ; fortune followed his career, and in a few years, love conducted him back to his country and his heart's chief desire. Marriage followed : Hymen's torch was lighted, and happiness seemed a permanent reward for the hard-earned, but long wished-for home. Alas ! the destiny of some seems woven with caprice. This hero of delight was a soldier ; and the threatening invasion of the mighty foe, called him far away from the scenes of his domestic comfort, to combat with the horrors of war in a foreign land. All communications from abroad were exceedingly precarious, and sad and sorrowful was the heart of her who loved him too dearly. In retirement did she pass her time ; wearily did month after month drag its course, and suspense nearly annihilated hope. Daily did her prayers ascend for his safety ; and every morning and evening did she instruct her little children to supplicate the aid of heaven, to protect their father from the dangers which surrounded him. It seemed their

prayers were heard ; though thousands fell in the various battles which were fought, yet no harm came near him ; the cannon ball passed another way, and the bayonet and the sword turned as if forbade to touch him.

Thou knowest, that after many years severe struggling, the enemy was at last conquered, and war ceased to hurl its vengeance. Once more tranquillity shed its peaceful beams on the British isles, and many were the hearts of sorrow and joy on this victorious event.

Our soldier had done wonders, and his name with many others resounded with the cry of victory. To describe the feelings of the wife is not in my power : not even herself could find words which would tell how gratefully she felt to heaven for preserving him in the midst of so many dangers. The expectation of meeting him again overcame the years of anxiety which had been her portion, and her heart panted to greet its beloved hero. Approbation had already bestowed the laurels of honour for his success, and she was overwhelmed with congratulations on every side. This fame but increased

her desire to see him, and the hours passed more than usually slow ; many had arrived to greet their friends. It was said business detained him longer than others, and she would not suffer her impatience to chide his delay, for she believed his love sincere, " his thoughts immaculate, his heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth." If she had known all, she might have chided his tardiness, but she had that to hear.

At length he arrived ; he hurried to his mansion, but it was not the hasty steps of love which took him there. The wife, who had been moment after moment expecting his arrival, at last caught the sound of his well-remembered voice, and with her children flew to meet him. To the shame of man's inconsistency, he stood before this faithful creature, not the tender husband, nearly mad with delight at once more embracing his wife and children, but the stately warrior with a chilling mien, and words that spoke not love. He must be gone. It was necessary to pay his respects to the Regent, who was not in town ; he had much to do at the War Office, and

the Commander-in-chief requested his attendance. No need of tongues to tell the tale—her heart felt that the endearments of love had left him; there was no tenderness in his eye, not even that of a brother; and the chill of disappointment nearly deprived her of the power to breathe.

If thou art unacquainted with the story, perhaps thou wilt say—Did the fatigues of war, or did the mighty power of ambition cause this great estrangement?—Neither; but women like thyself, whose husbands' neglect made them regardless of reputation; and like thee, had recourse to every stratagem of delusion to entrap the passions of men, whether married or unmarried. Dinah, dost thou blush at such a character, and wouldest thou wish to know how my heroine behaved? She might have said: "The time was once when thou unurged wouldest vow, that never words were music to thine ear, that never object pleasing in thine eye, unless I looked or spake to thee. Look not strange, some mistress hath now thy smiling aspect, and nought is left for me but frowns."

Such reproach escaped her not; she had prayed for his safety and safe return, yet was not prepared for the trial that awaited her; honours and splendour surrounded her, but neither could rise her drooping spirit; the chill was too severe; affection's beam, which had shone so brightly, was set; her spirit struggled against the cheerless gloom in vain, and she died. Pompous were the funeral rites of the hero's wife, but they were a cold recompence for such faithful love. Thinkest thou, Dinah, that events like these pass away without punishment? Verily, they do not; there may be a delay, but as sure as thou readest this, there will be a bitter reward either in this life or that which is to come. The conqueror, or rather conquered, for in truth he was so, and that by a woman no more to be compared to his wife than thou art, lives, and is worthy of his title, Dissipation.

I must now leave thee; thy character troubleth me much: thou art no doubt a hater of thy country, its manners and its produce; a lover of every thing that is foreign;

haughty to thy inferiors, and insolent to all. Dinah, reflect upon this; thou hast an immortal soul, thou must die; and in spite of all they tell thee, thou wilt be brought to judgment; then, neither thy wit, thy beauty, wealth, or Almacks, will have power to offer thee one consolation.—Fare thee well!

RUTH BIRMINGHAM, with thee I have very little patience; thou hadst no business with such people; thou oughtest to have been content in thine own sphere; thy money could have been applied to a better use, than giving splendid entertainments merely to gain thee a name of fashion. It is a pity that the finest metal which the earth produces, should fall so plentifully to the lot of some, whilst others scarcely know its colour—yet, he that lacketh is not half the slave, as he that possesseth much. Thou, Ruth, hast less liberty than the wife who assists her husband to labour for their children. Thou mightest be free, but thou art anxious to gain the fetters of fashion, through whom thou must always be guided, even to the shape of thy

shoe. And is this an ample recompense, thinkest thou, to the Great Bestower of thy wealth? Is this acting like a discreet steward, who ought to study the useful, the convenient, and rational, instead of folly and fashion. I heard of one weak woman, whose husband died and left her a large fortune, the greatest part of which was spent in purchasing every thing like which a beautiful countess (I think Jersey was her title) did wear; and a certain set of tradespeople, finding the weakness of this woman, and knowing that she never went into the circles of the nobles, would take her various articles, and tell her the Countess had bought one of each—a sure passport to her banker's house. I fear, in some respects, thou resemblest her; it is said, that thou givest great entertainments, but the visiters are invited by others; by this means thou gainest but little, for these very persons will only laugh at thee on the following day, and not give thee the civil return of inviting thee again; they are covetous, they will partake of thy extravagance, and at the same time laugh at thy absurdity, and thy

desire to become a fashionable. Knowest thou not, that it is not eating bread or salt with each other in this generation, which will constitute a future friendship, neither doth the pledging of wine denote a freedom from enmity? By trying to exalt thyself, and become one of the notorious, thy husband's persevering habits of industry are made a subject of ridicule by those whose pampered appetites have condescended to partake of thy fine dishes, and drink from thy costly goblets. In truth, Ruth, fortune was very blind when she so liberally visited thee; thou scatterest abroad, to be sure, but it is with prodigality; and what art thou the better for all this luxury? Dost thou sleep the sounder?—is thy health increased by it?—art thou in any way improved by it? No, I am certain quite the contrary. If thou hast such a desire to scatter thy money from thee, the poor have seldom required it more than in the present day; therefore, instead of squandering it away upon trifles, let it be bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and a benefit to those who have not the power to

obtain these necessities of existence. Thy retrospect must be an unhappy one: I do not envy thee; thou art entrusted with much, but thou hast forgotten, that to whom much is given much will be required again.

Thy daughter seems to be an excuse for thy proceedings—then to her I will speak, and leave thee for the present. Child, thou art young, and as far as wealth can bestow, thou seemest to have a goodly prospect; thy mother would fain push thee up the ladder of ambition, and sell thee to a noble bidder. Do not venture, it is a dangerous step; be ware, thy money, like to that of one whom I have heard, may allure the man who will be the destroyer of thy peace, one who will unbuild thy father's house, who will sell thy lands and expend thy money, who will transfer his affections from thee and thy children, to some bold and wanton woman; then thou wilt either fly to others for protection, or die through the sorrows of thy heart. Leave all these haunts of fashion and masqueradings, if thou hast a desire to be happy; seek the peaceful abode of contentment and benevo-

lence; say to thy country, " Thy people shall be my people, thy industry shall be encouraged, thy welfare shall be my ambition, and thy God my God." Farewell, daughter of Ruth! thy mother will hear from me again.

ESTHER BELLAMONT, it seemeth to me out of all character for thee to belong to the backbiting set. From what they say of thee, I should think thy fault is having too much sobriety—or haughty pride, more likely; as I think, if thou hadst been a gentle, amiable woman, thy name would not have been where I now see it; thy decided encouragement for all that belongs to thy country is praiseworthy, but pride, Esther, belongeth to such a chain of evils, that every link causeth an injury more or less; through pride, justice is overturned, and honesty treated with contempt. There was a rich woman, perhaps, thou mayest know her, who would have been amiable, but pride overcame even her sense of right and wrong; from her inferiors she required as much adulation as an eastern

princess, and thus caused the plain simplicity of duty to wear another aspect. Well, this said rich woman whose husband was dead, had a waiting woman, who had been making the land-steward believe that she loved him, and the man could do no less than love in return. It happened one day the steward wrote to his mistress relative to business, and at the same time he framed a tender epistle to the waiting-woman, but like a blockhead, he misdirected the letters, and the proud woman received the tender sentiments of his passion. This was too much—and in spite of explanations, in spite of penitence, the honest steward, for the reward of long services conscientiously observed, was dismissed for such a breach of inattention, such an insult to her dignity. Thus, thou seest what pride will do, how it loves itself, and regards not the feeling or the misery of others ; but we have one consolation, for we know that pride is an abomination in the sight of Him who permitteth the sun to shine on the poor as well as the rich ; who giveth the seasons alike to all, though their produce is more abun-

dantly bestowed on some than on others. And what is the benefit of this pride?—Alas! so meanly does it recompense the possessor, that it is wonderful such a passion is ever encouraged.

Thou speakest with much contempt of the city people, as if the plague belonged to them; so I enquired why they should be considered in such a light. Because, said the person to whom I asked the question, they are thought not to be quite so polished in the arts of vice as many at the other side of the town; but, I will give thee a description of the two parties, then thou mayest be a better judge. Look at this map—all the inhabitants beyond Charing Cross eastward, are called city people; they very much resemble the industry of bees, for from the little trader's shop to the nation's bank, is one scene of constant occupation, which commences early and continues late; they are an active, obliging people, always ready to contribute to the wants of others; they are loyal in word and deed, they toil hard and live well, they pay their debts, they are good neighbours; and the

merchants and bankers possess in an eminent degree, nobility of heart, if not in title; and in time of danger, their king cannot find better subjects. They do not visit the Court, but that in no degree lessens their desire to serve their government; and though their sons are educated to business, they bear the appearance of gentlemen and true Englishmen, far beyond those whom fashion and luxury conspires to exhibit as such. A brave people, said I: and I despise thee, Esther, for endeavouring to throw contempt upon them!

Observe, says my informant, from Charing Cross to the Parks, and round about those squares, as far as the end of a long street, which terminates near the church called St. Giles, is denominated the West End of the town. These are a people as different from the others as it is possible to imagine; they think themselves a refined race of beings. Certainly they have not so much smoke to encounter as the city inhabitants; their atmosphere is much clearer, but it might as well be otherwise, for one half of them know

nothing about it before twelve o'clock ; and should they be induced to get from their beds at eleven, it would be wonderfully early. Lazy creatures, said I. Stop, says he ; those are the wealthy of the land. Most of the inhabitants also resemble birds of passage, who at their appointed season return from another clime ; sometimes they take a contrary flight and instead of visiting London, they emigrate to France and Italy. However, the winter at this part of the town begins in March, and continues until the beginning of June ; so thou seest that even the seasons are subservient to wealth. They dine at eight in the evening, or rather afternoon, as the former is erased from a fashionable day ; what time they retire to rest I cannot tell thee, but it is said that their men-servants, after two or three seasons of turning night into day, lose their health, and that their female attendants are the most wretched of beings. The men are exceedingly effeminate, and their dress would, I am sure, by thee be called truly ridiculous. The women have so much recourse to art, it is impos-

sible to know their complexions or their ages.

There are several houses supported by a sort of club, who name them Hell: why I cannot tell thee, unless they are assured the spirit of darkness resides among them. In short, they are a community without order or regularity; they should be England's bright example of all that is dignified and noble, but the spirit hath left them—they are a degenerate race, according to the estimation of one who looks beyond this world.

From all my informant told me, how can I help giving the preference to the City people, as I am a decided enemy to the changing of night into day, and abusing the precious gift of time. What! to be in health, and yet remain in bed until noon?—ye do indeed deserve much chastisement. Alas! your indolence will destroy ye; and like the Babylonians of old, you will continue in your ways of luxury and pleasure, and as they believed their gates were secure, so you vainly rely on your wealth, until the day of wrath shall come, when the enemy will fall upon

you in a manner which ye little think. Be-
ware, Esther Bellamont.

DOROTHY METCALF, wholesale and re-
tail dealer of news for forty years and up-
wards, it is said, that time begins to
tame thy wit, but not thy tongue; and that
thou art become a noted teller of stories, many
lies, gentle reader, only embellished truths.
Therefore, lest thou shouldst never have
heard the following, by way of variety, they
will assist thy numberless store.

In a town situated on the banks of the
Severn, there lived an honest couple, named
Mary and William Black. Their family was
not large, but of what number I cannot tell;
the occupation of William was a disposal of
meat. The only daughter I know of was
Elizabeth. She was what people call a sen-
sible girl. Her father always said that learn-
ing was better than houses or land; therefore
she was taught as much as the school mis-
tress of the town was capable of teaching.
Her memory being good, the long winter
evenings passed quickly away, through her

repeating the many pieces which she had learned, to the delight of her parents; and the father generally concluded by saying, "When land is gone, and money spent, then learning is most excellent." Elizabeth was unfortunately overburdened with what some folks call beauty, which is oftentimes attended with great inconvenience, as many can declare. On a market day, she was obliged to attend to her father's business; and on one of these days, as she was fighting with the flies, she chanced to strike the fancy of a well-dressed man, who stopped to ask some question. Regularly every market day this same man appeared, and made a purchase, which was sent to the house of charity; he did not say who he was, neither did those know who received the gift. This being so often repeated, and his conversation always directed to the daughter, the mother began to form an intention of keeping Elizabeth away, when a trifling circumstance revealed the visiter, and the mother no longer hesitated so to do. A farmer happening to attend the market, who lived

at some distance, called upon William Black, who had been his only friend when a boy; they were chatting in the back of the shop, and Elizabeth, with her mother, was standing near the door, when who should enter but the stranger, as they called him, to make his usual purchase. The farmer just at the time turning round, gave a sudden start, and taking off his hat to make a bow as civilly as possible, trod upon the foot of the old mastiff, who was lying near him, which caused much confusion. "Nicholson," said the stranger a little haughtily, "what brought you here?" "A fat cow and two sheep, please you my Lord." Elizabeth turned very pale; her mother looked very cross; the father stern as a man could do; the dog limping and whining; the farmer very humble, and the stranger very strange. The order was paid for, and the customer departed. "That's my Lord, sure enough," said the farmer, as he replaced his hat on his head. "A good landlord he is too. Last quarter I was a little deficient. A few days after the rent day he called at the farm.

“Nicholson,” says he, “you must be more particular. I know that you have a large family; and as I do not like to see your name in the arrear list, I will give you the difference, which you will take to my steward, but on no account mention what I have done for you.” “That looks well,” said William Black, thoughtfully. “Why,” continued the farmer, “he is really what one may call a good man; it is a thousand pities that he cannot have the liberty to marry.” “What should prevent him?” said the mother;” and Elizabeth began to tremble. “What indeed!” said the farmer, “you know; these great folks have not half the liberty which we have; but I hear that he gave a promise to some man that he would never marry; for what reason I know not; but they say if he was to marry without the consent of the person concerned, he would lose all his property. It is a great pity, every tenant speaks well of him, and I am sure he could not fail to make a good husband.”

At length the farmer departed. Elizabeth retired to weep. The father and

mother regarded each other with a look which they understood, but neither spoke. The mastiff betook himself to sleep again; and the stranger no doubt made his horse feel the pain of his discovery. In future Elizabeth no more appeared in the shop, and for many weeks the stranger did not pay his visit, although an order had been sent for the usual purchase.

Weeks and months passed away, and the lord was nearly forgotten by all but Elizabeth. It seems that he was greatly fixed in her memory; when one day he called, and said he wished to speak with William. What the conference was doth not appear; but they parted as if mutually dissatisfied.

It is said that many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; neither, I suppose can promises either, for in less than a twelvemonth Elizabeth became lady of the castle, and few men could have been more happy. Now, Dorothy, thou mayest perchance meet with some who have descended from this stock; when thou dost, tell them to imitate their father's virtues,

tell them not to disturb his departed shade by actions which cannot fail to end in disgrace; tell them their mother's ancestors were blameless and of good report, though rank had not advanced them; tell them to regard their father's picture, and think how noble, how beloved he was; then perhaps they will sneer—if they do, tell them to refrain, for Obadiah knows much, although he wishes them to be respected.

Before thou hast repeated this ten times, thou wilt most likely have changed it much, and also surmised many names to whom it alludes;—do so, it will employ thee in thy favourite pursuit. Thou wilt perhaps have some difficulty to find the person, therefore when thou art wearied ask an explanation.

As thou art such a retailer of stories, and thy companions consisting chiefly of back-biters and scandalisers, I will assist thee a little further: but by the way of advice, I would admonish ye to be more circumspect in your conversations. Ye do not seem to be aware that ye are to give an account for every idle word; all must certainly disbelieve

this assertion, who spend their time in speaking against their neighbours, as ye are represented to do. I again repeat, it is extraordinary that females should delight in despotism and tyranny. It is said, "that all women are fond of power, that authority is their aim, that conquest is the motive of their actions, and dominion their leading star; though it should consist of the most simple household." What sayest thou, Dorothy? In the Book wherein none of ye read, it is recorded that, when the question respecting the strongest power was discussed before the king Darius, one said, wine was the strongest; another said, the king was the most powerful; but the third proved that women possessed the greatest influence over mankind, therefore were of course more powerful than either wine or the king. They are, he said, "only excelled by truth." Mark the word, Dorothy; and ye mighty ones—"with truth there is no accepting of persons or rewards, she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages."

Then the multitude, though they assented to the power of women, shouted and said, "Great is truth, and mighty above all things!"

Alas! so mighty as this power is, how little is it known! Thy conscience, Dorothy, and thy powerful companions must acknowledge that ye are strangers to her doctrine, yet ye profess to be wonderfully strong.

Now by way of variety, I would recommend thee to commence thy gossiping, not in the usual way of—"My dear Lady Bell, have you heard the sad affair about your friend So and So—or, "Ah! my dear Miss Lovemore, how happy I am to see you; did you hear how silly Lady Caroline looked when a certain person was named; only think, her husband must have heard the remark which Daventry made, but he is such a fool—I quite forgot that he is a friend of your family; but that can be of little consequence, I only repeat to you what Delamore told me, and he heard it from Coventry who was present." Therefore, instead of the above, suppose, by way of varying thy words, thou wouldest introduce the following: "Avoid

authority; seek not to conquer, and yield dominion if ye wish to be happy. If truth was the leading principle in the minds of the multitude, ye might be safe; but every day's experience convinceth me, that the assumption of authority in women, brings forth censure from the worldly and the unwise; conquest draws forth envy with its innumerable offspring; dominion rouses the jarring influence of pride; malice assists to overthrow and defame the character, let it be ever so innocent; and slander, with her thousand trumpets, circulates far and near whatever these venomous spirits may be pleased to suggest. So perilous then does power appear in women, it would be wiser if they sought a gentler sphere, because even innocence herself has no chance to assert her claim, when power becomes attacked by such evil spirits."

This being too truly the case, Dorothy, the caution would be friendly on thy part, and if it did no good, it would do no harm. By way of illustration, I will give thee the following, which proves the effect of malice and

envy towards a female who was as free from assuming authority and power as any person possibly could be.

WILLIAM GEORGE was a man who possessed much wealth from his childhood; and however he might have heard of the privations which thousands endure, yet having never felt them, he could not exactly understand their misery. He married, and proved too late that he was united to a woman whom he could neither love nor respect; thus all domestic comfort was blighted; home had no charms for him, and he wandered abroad in search of happiness, through a path which proved a reproach to himself, and wherein she was not to be found. At length his wife died; William then made new arrangements in his household, and was as dissatisfied with himself as men generally are, who quit the principles of propriety. He proposed to visit foreign countries for several years; he did so, and his domestics enjoying full possession of their master's inheritance, they began to think it as their own; one would give orders, an-

other would project schemes, in short, from the highest to the lowest, power and authority was evident.

After the elapse of many years, the master returned to his home, wearied with the world, but happy in a friendship which he had formed with a family of distinction, whom he met in his travels, and with whom he continued to journey until their return to England.

William bore the appearance of age before the time so to do, through negligence in his youth, although he could not be reckoned among the infirm.

On his arrival home after the business of his estate had been inspected, he found himself totally unfit to enjoy the solitude of his large mansion. His domestics were all duly assiduous to attend him, yet he was pettish and irritable if they presumed to speak one word more than their service required. Habit with him was not easily overcome, and the agreeable society of his friends had so influenced his disposition, he found himself a miserable man without them. Accordingly,

he requested they would leave the town, to enliven his solitary abode, and assist him to modernise and expel the gloom which surrounded him every where. They did so. The family consisted of Herbert, the husband; Elizabeth, his wife; two sons and two daughters. To say which of the family William liked best would be impossible, as he seemed attached to all alike. Herbert was a man of honour, and his understanding equal to that of most of his sex. Elizabeth was beautiful, she was also a sensible woman, an affectionate wife and mother, likewise a sincere friend.

The furniture of the mansion had remained the same for many years, the fashion of which William disapproved; and with the assistance of his accomplished visitors, he amused himself by newly adorning the spacious apartments. Musical instruments were obtained, and the silent walls were enlivened by much harmony.

All these arrangements were made without consulting any of those who had so secretly and quietly lived for such a length of

time; the blow was a severe one, and one which they could ill endure.

The room occupied by the steward and housekeeper, was no longer the residence of self-complacency, self-consequence, and tranquillity; the servants' hall likewise felt the revolution; and discontent had penetrated deeply, with her train of evils, into the breast of each individual.

"Fine doings, Mr. Steward," would the housekeeper say, "not a single chair left in the rooms to remind us of those who once occupied them; and then the walls so finely bedizened, and the furniture such (kickshaw forms, I declare I have no patience with such nonsense; I would much rather be troubled with a mistress at once, then one would know how to act; but as things go at present, I really begin to think of my character!"

"True, very true," Mr. Steward would reply, "strange alterations since this time twelvemonth; then we were reckoned of some consequence, but now these fine visitors are come, with their upstart attendants, we are

as nobody. Between you and me, things cannot last in this way; we all know the day of the wicked is short; but for my part, I shall have some serious conversation with our master, that is, if I can; for he seldom favours me with more words than a bare reply." "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Housekeeper, by saying, that women are the very—" "Stop, Mr. Steward, not all of them. I do blame our master very much. The other day, when I took my weekly memorandums to him, I said I hoped he liked the preserves and confectionary. 'Yes,' said he, 'they were very fine,' and Lady Elizabeth remarked the same. Out upon the lady, thought I, nothing is done without her approval; she must be consulted forsooth, about every thing, whilst my opinion is left unsought: so much for a pretty face—but a married woman! a mother too!—really, Mr. Steward, it is quite shocking, and our master must be lectured by some person. Indeed, I acquainted the curate's lady with every circumstance, and she, poor dear creature, almost cried at what I told her, and I have no doubt she will tell

her husband, for I hinted as much, and said it was a pity that the worthy gentleman did not know more about the family, then he might preach a sermon upon the subject."

"Be careful how you speak, Mrs. Housekeeper; are you sure we are free from listeners? I do not much like the lady's woman; she is a pert, uncivil female; and although we talk between ourselves upon the subject, it would be unpleasant to be accused about the business; besides, I should rather not give up my stewardship just yet; and it would be unpleasant if the reverend gentleman made a sermon upon your intelligence; not that I feel less than you about the weakness of our master; and the other day he provoked me so much, I had half a mind to affront him. The young gentlemen had been riding with him, on two as good horses as any man would wish to have; well, on their return, 'Martin,' said he, 'I dislike those horses; you will purchase two for me the first opportunity, similar to my own.' I answered not a word, though I could

scarcely refrain from so doing. Then again the impudent labourers, who used regularly to take off their hats when I approached them, now barely touch them, and look at me as if I was no better than Jack the ostler; if I have them in my power again, they shall remember all this. You will be surprised to hear that there is a painter sent for to take a full length likeness of our silly master: it makes me laugh to think of it, as he is no beauty either in form or face. All this extravagance for a frail woman! for frail she must be. If I was her husband, I would teach her better manners; a man must be very silly to be so deceived. Well, well, we must bear with these grievances, though they be painful to us; but, Mrs. Housekeeper, use caution with your words."

Thus Dorothy, did those amiable domestics talk of their master and his friends, who were as innocent of criminal conduct as many others whom, in your conversation, ye no doubt defame.

The alehouse in the village also partook of the scandalous gossip. "Fine doings at the

great house, I hear," said the clerk of the parish to the tailor, as they sat drinking a mug of ale. "Fine indeed," said the latter; "I was there the other day, and one of the man-servants told me I should not know one of the rooms, and he really believed the Squire was beside himself for spending so much money, and all to please his visitors, though they pretty well knew the lady was the only cause." "Ay, ay," said the clerk, "women can do much in this world, but I never thought the Squire would be so silly in his old age; I declare to you, on Sunday, when they came into the church, I was ashamed to see him so attentive to her; but I must acknowledge she is a beautiful woman, and once when I looked at her, I nearly lost my sentence; so I do not intend to look at her any more; and I would advise you to look another way rather than see her, as we are none of us secure, if she is so bewitching and crafty."

Thus Dorothy did malice and envy circulate their abominable lies against William George and his friends. They gave him no credit for having an opinion of his own;

every thing was done through the influence of Elizabeth, every suggestion was borrowed from her; and I believe, if the church steeple had fallen, or the plague visited the village, she would have been considered the cause. Now, of all people in the world, Elizabeth did the least deserve such censure, yet thou seest envy assailed her; therefore as these failings among the multitude will always exist, the only security against them is a good conscience, the testimony of which will finally reward the possessor, in spite of slander, malice, and envy.

Perhaps it will not tire thee, if I continue a little further to assist thee:

"Dost thou know a man who is now moving about your circles, and unmarried; possessing a fine, but very melancholy countenance, rather dark, and of commanding stature? Didst thou ever hear a little story respecting him? if not, listen to what I am going to relate:—Orwell, ten years ago, saw a woman whom he thought he loved beyond every other creature; but she belonged to another. The great ones of the earth give

laws,—do they themselves abide by them? I will not answer the question, but continue my story. Orwell believed himself a man of honour. He had passed through the courses of education with much credit; and completed his travels more as the man of observation, than in the flippant, conceited folly which marks most of the young men who visit the Continent in the present day.

His career in life so far had been a noble one, and his prospects might have been envied; but this lawless passion took possession of him, and Orwell sunk, in spite of pride, in spite of honour, to be a slave to his feelings. The woman he loved was unhappy. Her husband was a tyrant, and he persuaded himself there could be no harm in depriving a man of his wife, when he cared so little for her. Whether she yielded to his intreaties without difficulty, I know not; but that she did yield I am certain, and dared to renounce the vow which she had given, without affection, for a splendid establishment.

Five years after this elopement, a handsome residence, in one of the most lovely

parts of Cheltenham, had been for some time occupied by two persons, whose attachment for each other was considered extraordinary in their sphere of life. The female was in such delicate health, every one but her companion seemed aware of her danger. His anxiety for her recovery was intense, and no means were left untried to restore her decaying frame. It was a sad sight; and many a sigh escaped from the strangers' hearts, in witnessing the struggle for health, the almost useless exertion of affection.

In a short time, the invalid ceased to go out, and the extent of her walk was only from the bed-room to the sitting-room; a couch had been prepared in a recess near the window, which commanded a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country and the distant hills. . . . One evening, the moon had arisen in all the splendour which the month of August generally gives to her appearance; a little bird had continued its singing to the last gleam of twilight, and Orwell and Adelaide seemed as if listening to its little song. "Orwell," said the invalid, "I shall never

see the return of yonder moon; how beautiful is its appearance; and had the loveliness of nature impressed on my mind the same feelings it does now, how differently would be the pain I at present endure. Since the approach of this evening, I have as it were, seen the whole progress of my life, and almost wished that I could be the little bird, whose song of innocence cheered the parting day. Yes, Orwell, circumstances long forgotten, have appeared before me as a bitter reproach. My first entrance into life, my fondness for dress, anxiety for admiration and continual amusement, without a thought that there must be an end; then, the desire for an establishment, without consulting my affections; I succeeded, but instead of a life of happiness and pleasure, I found nothing but discontent and misery. My carriage was envied, my house was elegant; but the little germ that causes the lowest being to be happy, was denied me: ambition derided the feelings of the heart, and I endeavoured to bury them in its gilded tomb, but in spite of all my efforts Orwell,

they rebelled and would be yours. Do not interrupt me, they have been truly yours; neither be displeased when I tell you, that a lurking evil has followed me, from the day when I left that home I solemnly promised to revere as sacred. I fain would speak in words which should vibrate continually on the thoughts of all my sex, and tell them, as they value life and happiness, to pause before they finally decide upon the marriage state; but once decided, never to renounce the vow, though misery should be their portion, for the one may be endured, but the other is the loss of hope. I have never beheld a mother, let her situation be ever so mean, without a reproach that has, as it were, heaped fuel into my heart. I have proved how bitter is the reward of acting contrary to the laws of Him, who causeth that lovely planet to shine on his glorious works. I have felt, that to worship that great Being, must be the highest consolation which mortals can enjoy, but I have been cut off from this by those appalling words, in the command, 'thou shalt not——' Ah! Orville, it is useless to inter-

rupt me ; I saw the ladder of ambition, I ascended it with joy, I left it for love, and now I am leaving love for death and eternity."

Orville had with difficulty controlled his feelings, and at the last sentence, his fortitude forsook him. Adelaide was nearly exhausted, and as he assisted to remove her to her bed, a tear fell from her pale cheek, and rested on his own.

The next morning brought its light to awaken the inhabitants of earth, but where was Adelaide? When the sun had turned the corner of the building, and again shone upon the jasmine that grew near the window, Adelaide could no longer see its beams, neither was there any more attendance or attention required to soothe her fainting body ; the spirit had escaped to other scenes, and nought to love was left. And where was Orwell, and how did he feel? Those who have so loved, and been so circumstanced, best can judge.

The next evening came ; the moon again shone as brilliant as before, but the little bird

was silent, and the inhabitants of the house were as still as if they fancied the departed would be disturbed.

Another, a severer trial awaited Orwell—where was Adelaide to be interred? Not in the tomb of her father's family, not in that which belonged to her husband, neither with those to whom Orwell was related. No: she had forfeited all these. Therefore, among the villagers, in a peaceful retreat, near this gay town of Cheltenham, rests the body of the lovely Adelaide, alone. When her child shall ask her father where is the tomb of her mother, he cannot tell; therefore, this may guide her to it; and if the spirit is conscious of the separation, her visit may console the departed, by the prayer of one whom she has injured beyond the hope of earthly forgiveness."

To cheat the gloom of retrospection, Orwell joins in the circles of fashion. That he never smiles is the wonder of many; that he does not marry, is a wonder to many more; that he lives, is a wonder to me. Dorothy Metcalf I now leave thee; in thy wholesale

and retail relation of the above, I will thank thee to embellish as much as in thy power, but tell not one lie upon the occasion: it is needless, besides being an evil to thyself; and I would advise thee to talk less, as a prating woman is an exceedingly disagreeable being. Adieu to thee, Dorothy; and I perceive that I must also prepare to bid adieu to my subject, as employment of time nearly finishes the column. To descant upon this subject, I would urge your reverend teachers; for it seemeth to me that they are negligent on this point, else, could it be possible that mortals, after receiving the most enlightened education, and surrounded with every blessing which can be desired, should so heedlessly destroy the most valuable gift to mankind? Reader, if thou art surprised at my words, buy the number, or borrow it, as I have done; it is the Literary Gazette, Saturday, December the 9th, 1826; there thou canst satisfy thyself, by the account of how these men and women in the life of fashion, pass their days.

The watchmen of their eternal interests must be either bribed, or neglectful of their duty; but of this for the present, I pause.

The asterisks I do not comprehend, therefore, on them can make no observation. And now to your mighty and potent conclave of Almack's I bid adieu; but if the printer has no objection to employ his men, I have a few epistles which I fain would send to them. I will conclude, as one of old said to England; "O ye wealthy! what might ye do, what honour would ye do, were ye all kind and natural? But, see your fault; France and the Continent hath found in ye a nest of hollow bosoms, which they fill not with crowns, but empty follies, trifling fashions, morals unfit for your religion, the welfare of the people, of your country, or your own safety."

Fare ye well!

OBADIAH.

THE END.

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